

Because Of You, I Am

An Honors Thesis (HONR 499)

By

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Abstract: Poetry has always been a means by which artists have expressed themselves. Although it has many forms it is deeply individualistic. This creative project dives into that.

Acknowledgements: I would sincerely like to thank Peter Bethanis for all the help he has given me this semester. I would also like to thank Dr. Ruebel for helping me truly believe I could undertake a creative project, while taking on a full time internship and 12 credit hours.

### Author's Statement

I have spent my undergraduate career at the university writing. I have written news and feature articles for the newspaper and my journalism classes. I have written more academic papers for political science and honors classes. However, I did not get a chance to delve into more creative writing. When the opportunity came to work on a creative project instead of a more typical research paper I decided to take a leap of faith and create a chapbook of poems.

I was a little scared of what the outcome of the project would be; I often wondered if it would be good enough to share, if I could be proud of the work. I do not consider myself creative and I hadn't shared non-academic writing work with anyone since I was around eleven. I knew only of one thing - I wanted to write about my grandfather.

I had the title in my head as well, and initially, I was going to let that direct my work. It was going to be called *Stories My Grandfather Told Me*. In my proposal to both my thesis advisor and Dr. Ruebel, I spoke about how I wanted to use this opportunity to dive more into our relationship, reflect on it and reveal the lessons I learned from him as a person and through the stories I told him.

The project has since evolved from that, just as I have as a writer and dare I say – a poet. My thesis advisor, Peter Bethanis, was nice enough to work with me via email for most of the semester while I interned in Washington D.C. He never failed to let me know I could push a little more and work a little harder to elevate the poems that I was working on. This author's statement is going to be divided into three parts; the process, analysis of each poem and a conclusion.

### The Process

In high school I really enjoyed literature and poetry – I found it fascinating, but because I went to high school in Nigeria most of the poets I was familiar with were Nigerian. In addition, the subject matter I usually read were of the poets using their words as a rebellion against the military government that ruled at the times in which they wrote their poems.

As I went to college I hardly read poems but really enjoyed spoken word and slam poetry. I wrote a little but was too scared to share my own work with anyone. So going into this project I had very little knowledge of the type of how to create a chapbook of poems.



The first challenge was actually writing. I knew what I wanted to say I just did not know how. I would often start out by just speaking out whatever was on my mind, usually from there something would clinch and I would start writing. Other times a simple line would come to my mind, or I would remember a particular situation or event and then write them down. For every set of poems I submitted, I usually had about ten that did not make the list.

I would then wait for feedback from my professor; I noticed some repetition in what he was asking me to do. He would tell me to write to attract the senses, create a setting to draw a mood. All these are easier said than done and I would often get frustrated. Somewhere along the way, I asked for a list of poets that the professors thought used the tools he wanted me to use effectively. I read Robert Wright. Sylvia Plath, Robert Frost – I admired their work, but at the same time, I felt as though they were not writing about a similar subject. However when I submitted my next set of poems it seemed as though reading them worked, as my professor said he could see notable improvement. The end product is a 15-page chapbook. I use some poetic license in the poem and often break the proper use of grammar and punctuation. From my use of split infinitives to my use of small I's. However, I often use them to draw an effect. Other literary devices that I intentionally used are; allusion, characterization, imagery, simile, mood, motif and paradox

### The poems

**The Bearer of The Name:** This poem focuses on the mystical. In my culture, Yoruba, one's name is very important – the name is often a blessing, what the family of the child

hope's the child's life turns into. My name is Oluwakanyinsola - it means God mixed honey with wealth. I am the first grandchild of my family and the only grandchild of my family. It is based on the rumours that we have offended the ancestors and they are keeping blessings (such as more children) away from my family. I feel pressure to be every grandchild who does not exist.

**Ifedayo:** This next poem is a straight introduction to my grandfather, who is a dominant theme in the collection. It is based on the Yoruba tradition of singing people's name in praise. I start off each poem by breaking down his name. Most names in my language are consolidations of phrases. His name is broke down to Ife to di ayo which means love that turned to joy. The poem has basic repetition and ends with what the name represents.

**Integrity:** This poem started off as a reflection of what I would always remember my grandfather by and ended up deeply political. Ifedayo is simply a man of integrity, he despises falsehood and corruption and I tried to reflect that here. I also paint of the struggle that came with being an honest businessman in the political economy of Nigeria. In this poem the most dominant literary device I use is simile – and I use it to paint a better picture. For example, I compare his children's face to rotten mangoes; this poem also has a bit more rhyme than most of my other works.

Perhaps I am as selfish as my mother, who wants you to live forever: With this poem, I hoped to show how important and what a figure my grandfather is in my family. My mom often prays that my grandfather would live very long, sometimes I wonder if he



even wants to and I feel like he is trying to make sure his children are okay before he goes. Even though I am aware of what kind of pain he might be in, I am selfish enough to wish he were here longer.

**Special:** This is one of my favourite poems I have ever written, although it is short I feel as though it perfectly captures what I am trying to say. I am sometimes called spoiled because I am the only grandchild. This one of my grandpa's greatest regrets. In this poem I use the example of cooking as a place setter for the culture I grew up in for a woman not to learn how to cook.

**The Blessing:** in this poem I compare my grandfather to an Iroko tree, a popular tree in Nigeria. The tree is big and it is often told that creatures find shelter under it. My grandfather is this kind of figure in our lives The same way that the Iroko tree protects anyone that looks for shelter under it is the same way that my grandfather protects anyone that helps him.

**Memories:** the first thing one would notice when reading this poem is the use of the little i. I use this to represent a child's view in the poem. This poem delves into how close my grandfather and I were when I was younger; I could not bear the thought of leaving him even for a day. As I grew older, I let some of that connection go. This poem also show's my struggle with aging.

**Memories 2:** Memories 2 is also a reflection of what it was like a child, however, it remains in that state of childlike wonder, reflecting on all that was good. I am drawing from specific aspects of our relationship. How we listened to world radio together and took walks around the estate.

**Grandpa's girl:** This poem has a tone of regret intertwined with longing. I am expressing regret for teenage angst and disobedience that was expressed when I was younger, with the hope that was one day I would be able to get back to the way things were in our relationship.

**It is Easier to Believe Grandpa is Fine:** this poem focuses on how the family members react to the grandfather who is old and getting weaker. Yet he is the glue of the family, so it is easier for most of them to pretend and if he is fine. It is as if we know the end is near and so we decide to hold on tight.

**The Day Grandpa became Human:** This poem really follows the life of the granddaughter and her growing disbelief. When we are younger and even now it is comfortable to believe someone knows all the answers. As we get older and that bubble bursts it can be hard to stay true to that. This poem explores that.



**True Partner:** My grandfather met my grandmother when they were both England. He has spent 50 years with the same person, even though she is dead. This poem is about their love life and how difficult it has been for him to survive without her.

**2003** – This poem focuses on a horrific event that happened in this year. Robbers came to our estate and terrorized us. It was a difficult and terrible time and many people decided to leave and go abroad. “Jhand and Yankee” (England and America)

**Peace** – This poem is a vision of what I think my grandfather dreams of having once again. Things have not been the same since my grandmother passed away. Our house used to be like a hotel very busy and always bustling. I know that it is difficult for my grandfather to live there by his lonesome.

### Conclusion

Completing this project has been one of the most difficult tasks I have taken on while here at Ball State. I had to find my voice, learn how to use that voice and refine that voice. Refining the poems was debatably harder than writing them. I am grateful to my advisor for constantly pushing me to make the poems better. I am also grateful that I had this opportunity to work on my creative writing. While I might not become a full-time poet, I will always have this chapbook.

**Because of You I am**

Kanyinsola Ajayi

## **The Bearer of The name**

My name is a promise of the future

The wishes and the dreams

A prayer for new beginnings.

I was named on the hope that I was the first of many

Currently, of others? There aren't any.

Non-natives cannot speak my name

It confuses their tongues how the consonants and vowels roll over each other

My name, I pray is not a curse.

For what, I ask our Chi, did I ever do?

I was named for the prosperity that would keep on coming

I was named for what could be.

But the bearer of the name cannot bear the blame

Of something that never became

And I ask my chi, why did you give me the name?

But God laughs at the paths that man lays

And the chi is but a messenger

And we still hold up for many.



From those with the tongue, my name sounds like a prayer

And I pray that the promise for many

One day will become.

**Ifedayo**

Ife to di ayo

Love that turned into joy

Because of your love we have joy.

Ife to di ayo

Love that turned to joy

Because of your love we felt peace.

Ife to di ayo

Love that turned to joy

It is your love that kept us together.

Ife to di ayo

Love that turned to joy

It is your love that gave us joy.

**Integrity**

I will always remember your kindness,

I will remember how you gave out space for free,

To someone who was ungrateful.

And you said, "God gave us so we could give."

Even when your children's faces scrunched up like rotten mangoes in disapproval,

And you said again, "God gave us so we could give."

You told the household,

We vote on our principles,

Not the crisp thousand Naira notes handed out by the pot-bellied politicians,

Given to poor people so they could tick a man's name at the booth,

Perpetuating a corruption cycle that never ends.

And I will never forget hearing about the well of contracts drying up

And the worry that sent you to meet with people all over the country.

I begged you not to go on these roads,

As these roads could eat you alive.

You insisted, for you still had to provide.

And there was a prayer on the tips of all of our lips

And it went like:

May God watch the roads, and may he be the driver.

So oft you went off ,  
But the wells were dry,  
And you were way to honest,  
For a country where corruption is the currency.

**Perhaps I am as selfish as my mother, who wants you to live forever**

My mother declares;  
You shall live to be a 100.  
You shall not only see your children,  
You shall also see your children's children's children.  
You shall be healthy.  
This is her daily prayer.

I often wonder;  
Do you even want to be here?  
With friends and family going down,  
Bad news accompanying each phone call;  
2 more friends have died.  
2 more friends are ill.  
Do you still want to be here?

I have spent my life silent as she prays,  
Watching as she prays,



I have spent my life thinking;  
You must be waiting for peace.  
Waiting to see us all in a perfect place.

And so, I declare my own silent prayer,  
And hope you see it is worth it to wait,  
Because I am that selfish.

### **Special**

Stick to mortar  
Heavy beads of sweat;  
The drops of sweat only make the yam sweeter.  
The Sunday dinner is sacred and worthy,  
The family comes together and you take your rightful seat at the head,  
Special plate, special fork, not to be used by anyone,  
No one - but me.  
At seven, I sit right by your side,  
Marking my space, declaring my place.  
I always knew I was special.  
From the exemption from staying in the kitchen  
To my special seat by your side.

As the stick met the mortar  
And the beads of sweat fell,  
None was shed by me

**The blessing**

The Iroko tree stands tall  
It weathers turmoils of life  
It refuses to fall  
It hovers and protects  
Animal, man, and plant  
The Iroko tree cares.  
With heart to love and the will to protect  
You stand as our Iroko tree  
With your back just as strong as its bark  
And your ability to weather any problem.  
If the Iroko tree where a man,  
It would be you

## **Memories**

At 8 years old, i hid in your car,  
Trying to follow you to Ondo,  
Begging that you wouldn't leave me,  
Even for a day.

At 8, i cried watching the car go,  
And i smiled with the gifts you brought back,  
Nuts that made my tongue tingle,  
And Akara very well oiled.

At 18, ten years added to that day,  
I found myself hiding at school,  
Not knowing how to approach you,  
It was the day I decided I hated ageing,  
I blamed it for my lack of connection with you.



Perhaps it was my little teenage rebellion;  
My refusal to do what adults say,  
My averse to authority.

Or maybe it was because our conversations were harder to have  
And your speech was slower.  
I was busting through the seams with energy,  
And I had no way to share it with you,  
No way to give you my strength.  
It seemed like you could barely gather any.  
I didn't want to wait for you to keep up.

At 11 years old, you often visited boarding school  
Everyone loved you, everyone called you grandpa  
But I made it known that you were mine

Yesterday I called you, we spoke about nothing  
I know that it meant everything to you

## **Memories 2**

My safest place was on your chest

As BBC reported of a war in Togo

And famine in Sierra Leone.

I told you of my personal war on the playground

I asked you about the world around me

And slept in the reassurance of your warmth

So sure you would always be there.

My favourite moments were when we sat outside

Beneath the coconut trees

As we enjoyed the light evening breeze.

You taught me of fables with life lessons

About the tortoise and the hare

And lessons of patience and dignity.

My favourite memories were when we walked

Around S' Ade-Ojo Estate

The warmth of the late evening sun encompassing us

As the hawkers yelled and the goats kicked the sand.

The days seemed to last forever

And I had a million questions  
And I still believed you had all the answers.

### **Teenage Angst**

On the days I feel as if I do not deserve you,  
I remember what it is like to be scared of losing you.

I regret the days, I held on to my personal rebellion;  
Ignoring you, as a part of my programmed teenage angst.

I am often unable to create the conversations I want to have with you.  
But deep in my soul, I am praying for your perseverance.  
For a time again when my mouth speaks to you  
With the same ease as long ago.

I see us five years from now  
The connection just as strong as before.  
But i pray i get the chance before the time passes  
And make up for all my teenage angst.  
For on the days of my angst, I failed to respect you.



**It is Easier to Believe Grandpa is Fine**

We forget when he is here.

He arrives smiling,

A bit weary, but very happy.

We forget that his life is fragile,

We ignore his shaking hands,

We don't hear his shorter breaths.

We forget he is hanging on for us,

Protecting us.

Like the cheetah does for its cubs.

We forget when he is here.

### **The Day Grandpa became Human**

I am now young enough to not care about the future,  
Yet old enough to be very scared of it.  
I push all the questions I cannot answer until a later day,  
A day when I feel like I know enough.

I used to ask you those questions,  
I learned from you that i am inquisitive.  
I was six when i first heard those words,  
The letters sounded foreign, complex on my tongue.  
I rolled it around in my mouth and my lips and adapted the word.  
And you encouraged me to ask all the questions.  
Questions of God, of love and of life.  
Of fairness of equality and justice.

You always said it was hard to sleep  
At 8, i took things for granted - things like continuous sleep.  
You found your answers, at 3 a.m. in the pages of the Holy Book.  
I kept asking you questions  
And i asked and asked  
Until one day, i realized

Maybe you don't have all the answers

**True Partner**

They say you were a duo to be matched,

The engineer and the nurse,

From competing hometowns

Surviving in the colonial masters land.

From Ondo and Ile Oluji.

A Yoruba Romeo and Juliet.

She was pretty and petite,

You swept her right off her feet,

Sharp clothes, bright smiles

Full of hope that comes with youth.

True love, quite rare, ready to face the world.

Ready to change the world.

You weathered it all.

Two children lost in infancy,

One born blind,

You proved you could survive it all.

Grandma was strong enough for anything,  
Except the sickness.  
It came quickly, eating up her parts,  
There was nothing to be done.  
From India to the America's  
The family searched but could not find a cure.

It took her and broke your heart.  
We never see grandpa shed a tear, except for one day a year  
When the realization that she's gone, again comes near

### **Catalyst**

Grandfather's education changed a generation  
He was the son of the educated, one of a many.  
The first son, second born - privileged enough to go to school.  
The schooling took your far, it took your family further.  
You went back, helped bring each of them up.  
For that, they will always love you.  
Your served as a catalyst,  
We all owe you; your education changed a generation



**2003**

The year will never be forgotten,

The violence was haunting,

The story was a familiar tale heard on the news.

But we never thought it would happen to us.

They came in the middle of the night,

Disrupting the neighbourhoods peace,

You went downstairs to open the red gates,

On the illogical thought that you could rationalize with them.

We hid under the bed.

The gateman ran away.

Your courtesy did not stop them from terrorizing us.

They still killed our neighbour,

They still beat you up.

Our house smelled like honey for weeks,

But it was not sweet - only used to salve your wounds.

The neighbours fled,

They went to stay with their children in Jhand and Yankee

But you remained. Foolishly patriotic to a country that was not giving you pea

**Peace**

Peace would be at the old house

With its beautiful decor

The glass dining table, with white linen

Stained by food well eaten.

It would be the old living room

Preserved through time

Full of relatives - from far and near

With bellies full of food

And mouths full of banter.

It would be women pounding yam

Children running up and down.

It would be the smell of spicy soup wafting in the air

You at the head of the dinner table

While we all say another long prayer.

It would be you in the living room

With the furniture that doesn't age

Surrounded by the memories of your life

Preserved in pictures well framed

As those, you touched gather round to sing your blind son's song.

The Beauty of The nation

My mother is a descendant of the Beauty

Two nations and the Beauty

A nation for new beginnings

I was raised on the hope that I was the first of many

Curiosity, of others? They were's one

### Because of You, I am

And when I think of you, I am

It was then that I began to see the world as it really is

My name, I give it to the world

But when I look up at you, I am

I was raised on the promise that would keep me waiting

I was raised on the hope that I was

But the Beauty of the world is not the Beauty

I was raised on the hope that I was

But when I look up at you, I am

And when I look up at you, I am

And when I look up at you, I am

From then with the hope of my dream world I am

The promise of the future is not the Beauty

I was raised on the hope that I was



### **The Bearer of The name**

My name is a promise of the future

The wishes and the dreams

A prayer for new beginnings.

I was named on the hope that I was the first of many

Currently, of others? There aren't any.

Non-natives cannot speak my name

It confuses their tongues how the consonants and vowels roll over each other

My name, I pray is not a curse.

For what, I ask our Chi, did I ever do?

I was named for the prosperity that would keep on coming

I was named for what could be.

But the bearer of the name cannot bear the blame

Of something that never became

But God laughs at the paths that man lays

And the Chi is but a messenger

And we still hold hope for the many that may come.

From those with the tongue, my name sounds like a prayer

The promise of the future many hold on to

I pray one day will become.

**Perhaps I am as selfish as my mother, who wants you to live forever**

My mother declares,

Grandpa shall live to be a 100.

He shall not only see his children,

He shall also see your children's children.

He shall be healthy.

This is her daily prayer.

I often wonder,

Does grandpa even want to be here?

Unfortunate news of ailment and death accompanies each phone call he gets

As if his friends all have the same ailment from Onitsha market.

Still I say 'amen' to my mother's prayer

Still, I declare my own silent prayer,

And hope you see it is worth it to wait,

Because I am that selfish.

## Special

Stick to mortar

Heavy beads of sweat;

The drops of sweat only make the yam sweeter.

The Sunday dinner is sacred and worthy,

The family comes together and you take your rightful seat at the head,

Special plate, special fork, not to be used by anyone,

No one, but me.

At seven, I sit right by grandfather's side,

Marking my space, declaring my place.

I always knew I was special.

As the stick met the mortar

And the beads of sweat fell,

None was shed by me.

## Memories

At 8 years old, i hid in your car,  
Trying to follow you to Ondo,  
Begging you to not leave me,  
Even for a day.

At 8, i cried watching the car go,  
And i smiled with the gifts you brought back,  
Nuts that made my tongue tingle,  
And Akara very well oiled.

At 18, ten years added to that day,  
I found myself hiding at school,  
Not knowing how to approach you,  
Grandpa had come to visit and I didn't know how to speak  
I blamed ageing for my lack of connection with you.

Our conversations were harder to have  
And your speech was slower.  
I was busting through the seams with energy,  
And each step you took was slower  
And I had no way to lend you my strength,  
It seemed like you could barely gather any.  
I didn't want to wait for you to keep up



### **Grandpa's Girl.**

On the days I feel as if I do not deserve you,  
I remember what it is like to be scared of losing you.

I regret the days, I held on to my personal rebellion;  
Ignoring you, as a part of my programmed teenage angst.  
My tongue was too heavy to speak to you,  
My knees did not bow properly before you.

I am often unable to create the conversations I want to have with you.  
But deep in my soul, I am praying for your perseverance.  
For a time again when my mouth speaks to you  
With the same ease as long ago.

I see us five years from now back at the house in S' Ade Ojo Estate  
Connection just as strong as before  
But i pray i get the chance before the time passes  
And make up for all my teenage angst.  
For on the days of my angst, I failed to respect you.

### **The blessing**

The Iroko tree stands tall

It weathers turmoils of life

It refuses to fall

It hovers and protects

Animal, man, and plant

The Iroko tree cares.

With heart to love and the will to protect

You stand as our Iroko tree

With your back just as strong as its bark

And your ability to weather any problem.

If the Iroko tree where a man,

It would be you.

### **It is Easier to Believe Grandpa is Fine**

We forget when he is here.

He arrives smiling,

A bit weary, but very happy.

We forget that his life is fragile,

We ignore his shaking hands,

We don't hear his shorter breaths.

We forget he is hanging on for us,

Protecting us.

Like the cheetah does for its cubs.

We forget when he is here.

**Ifedayo**

Ife to di ayo

Love that turned into joy

Because of your love we have joy.

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Love that turned to joy

Because of your love we felt peace.

Ife to di ayo

Love that turned to joy

It is your love that kept us together.

Ife to di ayo

Love that turned to joy

It is your love that gave us joy.



## **Integrity**

I will always remember your kindness,  
I will remember how you gave out space for free,  
To someone who was ungrateful.  
And you said, "God gave us so we could give."  
Even when your children's faces scrunched up like rotten mangoes in disapproval,

Grandpa stood ten feet tall at five foot four,  
You told the household,  
We vote on our principles,  
Not the crisp thousand Naira notes handed out by the pot-bellied politicians,  
Given to poor people so they could tick a man's name at the booth,  
Perpetuating a corruption cycle that never ends.

And I will never forget hearing about the well of contracts drying up  
And the worry that sent you to meet with people all over the country.  
I begged you not to go on these roads,  
As these roads could eat you alive.  
You insisted, for you still had to provide.

And there was a prayer on the tips of all of our lips  
And it went like:  
May God watch the roads, and may he be the driver.  
So oft you went off,  
But the wells were dry,  
And grandpa was way too honest,

## **Memories 2**

My safest place was on your chest

As BBC reported of a war in Togo

And famine in Sierra Leone.

I told you of my personal war on the playground

I asked you about the world around me

And slept in the reassurance of your warmth

So sure you would always be there.

My favourite moments were when we sat outside

Beneath the coconut trees

As we enjoyed the light evening breeze.

You taught me of fables with life lessons

About the tortoise and the hare

And lessons of patience and dignity.

My favourite memories were when we walked

Around S' Ade-Ojo Estate

The warmth of the late evening sun encompassing us

As the hawkers yelled and the goats kicked the sand.

The days seemed to last forever

And I had a million questions

And I still believed you had all the answers.

### **The Day Grandpa became Human**

I am now young enough to not care about the future,

Yet old enough to be very scared of it.

I push all the questions I cannot answer until a later day,

A day when I feel like I know enough.

I used to ask you those questions,

I learned from you that i am inquisitive.

I was six when i first heard those words,

The letters sounded foreign, complex on my tongue.

I rolled it around in my mouth and my lips and adapted the word.

And you encouraged me to ask all the questions.

Questions of God, of love and of life.

Of fairness of equality and justice.

You found your answers, at 3 a.m. in the pages of the Holy Book.

Your head bowed in the corner of your dark room

A torchlight illuminating the words

You always said it was hard to sleep

At 8, i took things for granted - things like continuous sleep.

I asked and asked,

Your answers remained the same.

At 15, I decided you might not have all the answers

Now I think maybe I too will find my answer in the holy book.

### **True Partner**

They say you were a duo to be matched,

The engineer and the nurse,

From competing hometowns

Surviving in the colonial masters land.

From Ondo and Ile Oluji.

A Yoruba Romeo and Juliet.

She was pretty and petite,

You swept her right off her feet,

Sharp clothes, bright smiles

Full of hope that comes with youth.

True love, quite rare, ready to face the world.

Ready to change the world.

You weathered it all.

Two children lost in infancy,

One born blind,

You proved you could survive it all.

Grandma was strong enough for anything,

Except the sickness.

It came quickly, eating up her parts,

There was nothing to be done.

From India to the America's



It took her and broke your heart.

We never see grandpa shed a tear, except for one day a year

When the realization that she's gone, again comes near.

2003

The year will never be forgotten,  
The violence was haunting,  
The story was a familiar tale heard on the news.  
But we never thought it would happen to us.

They came in the middle of the night,  
Disrupting the neighbourhoods peace,  
You went downstairs to open the red gates,  
On the illogical thought that you could rationalize with them.

We hid under the bed.  
The gateman ran away.  
Your courtesy did not stop them from terrorizing us.  
They still killed our neighbour,  
They still beat you up.

Our house smelled like honey for weeks,  
But it was not sweet - only used to salve your wounds.  
The neighbours fled,  
They went to stay with their children in Jhand and Yankee  
But you remained. Foolishly patriotic to a country that was not giving you peace.

**Peace**

Peace would be at the old house

With its beautiful decor

The glass dining table, with white linen

Stained by food well eaten.

It would be the old living room

Preserved through time

Full of relatives - from far and near

With bellies full of food

And mouths full of banter.

It would be women pounding yam (specifics, details, images)

Children running up and down.

It would be the smell of spicy soup wafting in the air

You at the head of the dinner table

While we all say another long prayer.

It would be you in the living room

With the furniture that doesn't age

Surrounded by the memories of your life

Preserved in pictures well framed

As those, you touched gather round to sing your blind son's song.

